

ONE LITTLE CANDLE

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Boiling Springs, North Carolina

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INTRODUCTION

The struggle for individual expression is ever present in the modern college community. Each person reacts to life in a unique way: with love or hate, with compassion or disgust, with concern or indifference. Some express themselves through music, some through athletics, some through the graphic arts. Those who find expression through words become the spokesmen for those who are silent.

ONE LITTLE CANDLE cannot hope to give vent to every reaction; rather, it is an attempt to gather a small, yet varied selection of the thoughts and modes of literature. As editors we have tried to present differing ideas and aspects in life. The only theme contained in ONE LITTLE CANDLE is one of enjoyment and the hope that the reader will perhaps find ideas of his own expressed or questioned.

Co-editors

Karen Hardin

Carolyn Santanella

We're the lovers
Valentines won't forget
We pledged ourselves on nothing
 save our word
And with twine wound round tossed beer cans
 anchoring our kite nearby
We wrote our pledge on the loftiest clouds
 and waited

Seeing our pledge blown out of reach
Was much more sacred than signing—
 who can tear up the sky

We're the lovers
Reaches won't forget
We traced in hearts and arrows
 stamped a plus
And christened our pact with booze
 before Ocean christened her too
 and departed

seeing our pact washed out of reach
was much more soothing than sealing—
 Who can record the sea

Lover's questions questioned
Lovers couldn't answer
But looked to Scottish hills instead
 And clung to one another
Who fed those winds on Scottish talls—
 our pledge?

We're the lovers
We won't forget
We don't need those chains called rings
Our circles are in our minds
That's why we're free to love---
not bound

We're the lovers
December won't forget
Not for all the pokes and grinds
that stoked her fires
Whirling, twirling into a fade
they smoked

Seeing our flame cooled in the night
Was much more frightening than freezing
Who can warm up the cold?

We're the lovers
January—we can't forget
We resolved ourselves to amend our ways
Resolutions—made, yet broken
That when we turned to find each other
we failed.

Mary Madeline Falls

NIGHT

Night is a sapphire bowl.
Dream-filled, with pale sweet blossom of
 Of moon-glow
 One blow
Of churlish laughter. . .
The bowl lies shattered
Flowers scattered.

Elizabeth Ebeltoft

WINTER

With crystal needle, shining bright
And fragile threads of dark and light
Winter weaves, with elfin grace.
The pattern of dreams in lace
Gray scarf she flings across the sky.
Bare hills 'neath her mantle lie:
In black and silver trees are drest.
And homely houses raise their crests
Above their regal robes of white.

Elizabeth Ebeltoft



Crooked tree
bends to kiss
the brown water
beneath its crown.

Yellow leaf crashes
over rapids
until it hangs
on a jagged rock

Shadowed figures
love among
particles of sunburnt
time.

Watch the seabirds
dive for food.

Carolyn Santanella

A STRUCTURAL PROGRESSION OF NIGHT

The stoney gate
 swallowed the fog
 of the upper world
Drifting down
 havens of jutting rocks
 to lie dead at my feet

Dulled rays
 Escaping the daylight
 crawling lions of fog
 erupting into lightning
 among craggy mounts

Once numbed by stillness
 each step obscured
By the swirling fog
 upon the slippery stone
Pain came upon me
 as the wondrous orafale
Gave its way
 to increasing light

A post of a broken fence
 leaning near
 the dormant earth
Wire, nearly unstrung,
 barbed with decaying
 flakes of rust
The skyward side
 gilded with melting
 flakes of snow

The light and I
 Grew each step
 upon the gate
The snow beneath
 my feet
 transient cold
A quake beyond darkness
Whiteness and sun fury
A dead fence post
 dulled my movements
 beyond the last obstacle
The sunset was

Atop a glistening
 ridge
Demanding an orange
 fire
Stars in sea blue
 above,
 behind
Stones of the gate
 swallow fog

Jim Estes

ELEVATORS

a
 v t
 e o
 l r
 E s,
 p
 u d
 o
 w

n in the same place.

Alone
 in pairs
 maybe in threes
 sometimes even more

d p to the roof, a broken c
 o u a
 w d b
 n n l
 to the basement. A e

death.

Gabe Santanella

Lonely is lovely but so
 void. Quiet But loud.
 You look around and though
 many you see; you can't
 reach out because
 you are alone.

Joe Southards

INTO THE PEOPLE . . .

Shadows I might sit to dream
 a Chinese hour passes
as my window wind
 through the fields and grasses
cleansing of the matters by
 a short eternal passion
the crux of life withheld in thee
 the cast evade the dragon
Would it withered be the world
 a mind of fountain
in silence heard
 atop a lonely mountain
nor rather walk the streets alone
 my love within a canyon
and venture only see
 be doubt a mapped companion

Ted Carnes

COOKIES

Who took the cookies from the cookie jar?
 No one did—open the lid—
The crummy things are molded.

David Ford

THE WAY HOME

As was usual at one-thirty a.m., the crowd in the Oasis had thinned down to the half-dozen regulars who, as usual, were gathered around a table in the back of the barroom singing.

That is, all except Al. He was not inclined to join in their spirited singing. As usual, at least usual for the past two weeks, he was still humped over the bar determinedly drinking. He had just gulped down a shot glass full of bourbon, taking a deep draw on a cigarette as a chaser, when the corner chorus broke into a new song which seemed to penetrate his stupor. "Show me the way to go home. . ."

" . . . home, we really must go. It's getting late."

"Right. Right you are. But first . . . first I'm gonna have one for the road."

"Oh, Al, please. You've already had enough."

"Oh, no! No, no. I have not had enough. It's cold outside. I need one one for the road. Then we'll go home."

The bartender asking if Al wanted a refill snapped him back to the present. He ordered two shots, sloshing them at his face but somehow managing to get almost all of the bourbon into his mouth. Then, mumbling something about going home, he turned for the door, but his wobbling gait threw him against the first table in his path and he sank helplessly down into the chair.

Once more his consciousness was pierced by the loud singing. "I'm tired and I wanna go to bed. . ."

" . . . tired. That's all. I'm just a little tired. I'm just a little tired. Not drunk."

"O.K. But please be careful. Why won't you pull over and let me drive?"

"I'm not drunk. Will you be quiet? It's just a few blocks to home."

No one who saw Al would suspect that in his mind he was now in a car crazily careening from a narrow road into a tree. He was hunched over the table with his face down and his arms spread above him. There was no movement, and in the dingy, smoke-filled saloon he had the appearance of a corpse. In fact, the bartender was thinking to himself how death-like Al seemed so that he was startled when the body in an unexpected display of life suddenly jumped up emphatically denying that someone was dead.

Still shouting his negatives Al heaved himself out of the Oasis. A car's horn ruptured the quiet of the early morning, followed by the awful screeching of frantically applied brakes. Almost simultaneously the stomach-turning thud of metal against flesh was heard. The bartender raced out on the street. Twenty yards below the Oasis he saw a form on the curb. Quickly he ran toward the spot and stopped just as quickly. He was too queasy to take a closer look. For there was Al bent backwards around the post of a street sign, his head twisted up at a grotesque angle as though the sightless eyes were reading the sign—ONE WAY.

Tom Taylor

I asked myself where He was—
And I looked around me
In silence unaltered even
By the sounds of silence.
I remember walking alone
 my face to the sky,
 my heart buried in the earth
 my soul longing for release.
 begging for His presence vividly.

I remember talking to the rocks
 beneath my feet as
 I climbed the mountain,
Asking them where He had gone.
The rocks weren't solid anymore—
 even they broke loose
 with hard knocks and
 relentless winds.

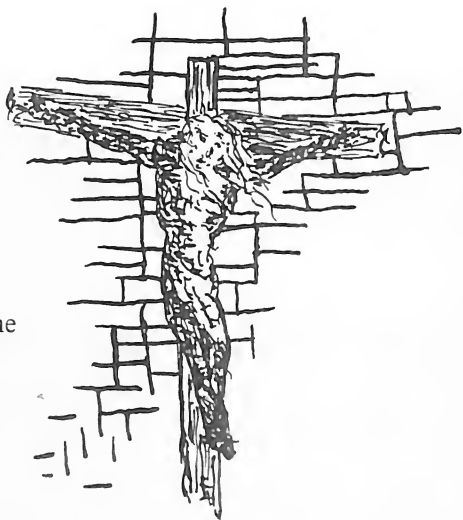
At the end I remember walking alone
 wondering just where I had
 perhaps forgotten to look,
 or if He really was at all.

And I looked around me
 nearly drowned by the
 sounds of silence.

And my soul uttered its plea. . .
 and the silence broke,
 and peace shattered my soul

As my eyes turned inward
 to catch the vision
 of my heart—

And there I found Him,
 watching all the while.



Carol Neese

AWARDS DAY, APRIL, 1970

AT BOST GYMNASIUM

On motorcycles, up the road they come . . .
They scare a flight of birds across the field . . .
.....astride the created will
They burst away; the towns they travel through
Are home for neither bird nor holiness.

Thom Gunn, "On the Move"

I suppose we are the only college in the country
that has birds over basketball.
Of course they do not often criticize, for like
their colleagues who flee from motorcycles,
ours flee from noise, pounce, drop, and dribble.
That a national record is being broken is not registered
on their beaks.
But here, in spring, on Awards Day, who can say we would
mind the birds?
As each award is called, in that long chain of academe,
Songs rise high above our heads, borne on wings fluttering
ably from joist to joist.
They remove us from footnotes,
yet not far from excellence
recognized: they merely show us other excellence.
We have sat in this place and wondered many times, I suppose,
though vaguely and never aloud, just exactly where they enter.
We casually inspect from afar and say, "I guess through
that hole there."
Then chapel is ended, or the meeting, until still another
chapel.
But the songs continue, and the holes, wherever, remain
mysteriously, and marvelously, open.
When the architect arrives (if ever in efficient but un-
marveling condition we invite one), he will probably
be puzzled to see that we do not welcome him and that
we look with cold eye on his plan for improvement.
I think we do not like repair of holes for birds over
basketball;
I think we think of him of Frost who likes the fences unrepaired.
I think we would rather sit amid strong, strange accompaniment
to chapel lectures
than to shut ourselves off, in April, ever,
from such sweet song.
It is good that here we can advance to music
other than our own,
that we, at least, can keep conjunctive residence
for bird and holiness.

Betty S. Cox

PEACE

We Leave The Confusion Of Reality Behind
Us And Venture Into The Fields

The Quiet Is Broken By The Sound Of Our
Laughter

We Run And Become Children Again
Exploring The Earth As For The First
Time

We Collapse In The Arms Of The Dead Foliage

We Watch The Day Turn Into Night
It Is Cold Now But We Do Not Feel It

All Is Quiet And We Are At Peace

Kemp Savage

I was Seven when cigarettes became the 'in' thing—everybody tried it.

Later plastic rings and hand picked flowers became the proper way to court your sweetheart of nine.

I had a dog once.

He would greet me at the bus stop after I had spent a long day trying to do algebra and learn all about American History.

My dog's gone now and so are those days of Halloween pranks and mud fights.

Love seems to be the 'in' thing with everybody now-a-days.

I was good at picking flowers—I guess it's because they were in my backyard.

And finding a nickel prize machine was no problem—my uncle owned a candy store.

Memories keep running through my dizzy head like seeing grandma's famous apple pie every Sunday.

Now I walk the foggy river bank making new memories—alone.

Love doesn't seem to be so easy for me.

I guess it's because I can't open my back door and pick it.

So for the time being I'll walk my lonely river bank and make my silent memories till maybe someday I'll have someone to share them with.

Tom King

FREE VERSE

A poem without rhythm or rhyme is like crying. . .

You pour it out on paper and it splatters everywhere.
But when it's out you feel better.

David Ford

To try to keep up with you 1971 lasses
Mothers curl their hair,
 wear pants suits,
 and some even buy granny glasses.

You are pretty.
You are smart.
 You are trying.
And we love you.
We try to hover over you.
 Without prying.

For what you have done in your lives so far,
 We think you are great.
For what you are today,
 With us you really rate.
And we look forward to the future you
 Of any coming date.

Esther Q. Ford

THE WRECK

He was black, slightly injured, probably guilty and
intensely alone.

The Man was there—young, efficient, State Patrol Uniform—
white among white, tension relieving comments among a gathering
crowd of strange friends.

And He was black, bound for home after work—blue work clothes,
white palms, suddenly engulfed in fear at having collided
with the white folks.
And alone.

I spoke, cautioned against prejudice, and his eyes registered
bewildered relief: consolation from alien sources,
white words against black fear.

He didn't want to be, and I couldn't let him be, in spite of gulfs,
alone.

Bill Stowe

THREE HAIKUS FOR MY STUDENTS

MAY

Gone is the student;
His leaving mixes seasons:
May's autumn leaf-fall.



THE STUDENT

The holder of sun,
and, not infrequently, rain.
Growth needs both of them.

GRADUATE

Finder of Milton,
Sun in blindness found alone,
Worth a diploma.

Betty S. Cox

THE GOOD EARTH

*The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof,
the world and those that dwell therein. Ps. 24:1a*

How much abuse can the good earth take
and nourish still the thoughtless hordes?
Strip mining scars deep mar her lovely breast,
ugly wrinkles of erosion grow
where hands of greed, uncaring
stripped her soft, protecting clothing clothes away.

Her face, once lovely bears the blemishes
and sores of a thousand wars.
Her springs and streams of sweetness
now defiled by human waste.

Her virgin body now lies ravaged
by plunging thrusts for diamonds black
to fire the hungry forge of furnace—
to suck the gushing golden crude oil—
to plant the monstrous siloed missiles.

Her body beautiful now stained
and seared by loosed oil slicks and napalm—
refrigerators, broken ranges
rusting by her rural roads—
man-made mountains change her contours,
built of garbage, cars, and beer cans,
and his decaying, dung-heap cities,
with smog above and smuck beneath.

The good earth waits for reverent hands
to begin the long and arduous task
of binding up her wounds,
and hearts that care enough
to keep their own allotted space
swept clean and pure.

The good earth waits for men who love
the Lord who made this home of beauty,
who know His soil is sacred—
men who live unlittered lives
inside and out.

T. Max Linnens

THE WIND-SWEPT FIELDS

Watching the sky cry
causes a part of me to die

It was a rain-filled day
When I met her that May

We spent days together
leaving the night for us.

There seemed to be an ecstasy
about laying in an open field
with that rustic hay around us
dancing to the sound of the wind

We had no time for empty
spaces . . . just each other.

Together we were a team;
some celestial spirit to be worshiped
by all lovers.

But what happens when the spirit parts us
Leaving us a little white dwarf amongst
multitudes.

Dying becomes our theme and the earth
our home

The rain stops and wind cease
And we are two flowers in the sea of
wind-swept fields.

Jim McLean



SIMPLICITY

Candles burning;
Two tear-drops of light,
And an innocent head bowed
In prayer.

Two candles burning,
Ruling a crystal table
And the fellowship of a family
Together.

Candlelight
Glowing
In her hair.
A candle spreading
A halo of soft light
In the simple shack;
Home,
of a poor man.

Candles;
Purity;
And the beauty
of simplicity.

Cassandra Thomas

THE DESCENDING GARDEN

Before the fruit of
the apple fell upon the hand
 when the time was a flower
 and man a seed of the sun
The garden sung of
 the winds and breezes of heaven
 and lowly creatures
 found the soil kind

From the barren soil
 laden with rocks
 and molten magma
 of an inner world
Arose the blood
 sprouting from beneath a sphere
 within the cycles of spheres
 decreed to move
And in this, the blood
 that is life
 ebbed as the seas and
 flowed as a source

Slow is the day
 without the speed of the past
 as fast as the night comes
 the rolling sphere brings
 the light of the day

Radiating the garden of continuum
 riding, rising, dellining
 and all that has brought
 what is

Once of the sea
 which drinks of the plains,
 the hills, the mountains, leading to the sky,
 from which the sun
 deems parts to ascend

The sun and solar source
 brings up its blood
 only to descend
 and be more
 to its all giving

Within the confines
blood flows as intended
a mandela, a cycle,
a sphere
A sphere to bare the arising
of an independance, a mind
a mind brought forth
by the successions
and extinctions of
a descending garden

Wrought of soil
breath of fire
soul of light
three of life
crossing the two movements
and Source of spheres

Jim Estes



THE WIND

A sea of air
in perpetual motion.
Restless,
Sometimes soft and light,
Sometimes strong and bold.
The wind
Man's helper,
for pleasure,
For work.
Man's enemy,
For destruction.
The wind.

Gabe Santanella

RUMINATIONS ON AWAKING AT 3 A.M.

How nice that God's station never closes.
The ride up, the request, and departure. . .
"Depart, my servant, in peace"—and he does,
rolling on well-filled tires, nestled
in Nunc Dimittis.
primed for the most and tanked for the
longest—

Deity on an Amoco fill!

Betty Cox

MEAT HAND

Veiny,
knobbled, frayed,
split, chipped, distent,
purple-black with hurt.

Potato
bruised still
with the earth.

Van
Gogh could paint it.
One of his heartbreaking shoes.

Fred Chappell
(poet in Residence,
UNC-Greensboro)

SPECIAL SECTION

The poems on pages 30-35 were written by students at West Cleveland Junior High School at Boiling Springs, N. C. They are under the supervision of Mrs. Halyburton who teaches Creative Writing.

SNOW

Flaky, soft,
Cold, icy, freezing.
It is fun to play in.
You can make snowmen.
SNOW

Thin, thick.
Frosty, wet. melts.
I like the snow.
It comes and goes.
SNOW

White, pretty.
Snowballs, iglooes, snowmen.
It paints the trees.
With little ease.
SNOW

Rain, sleet.
Snowstorm, blizzard, snowbound.
Snow is cold.
So I am told.
SNOW

Snowdrop, snowflake.
Skis, snowmobiles, sleds
The snow melts fast
But the icicles are last.
SNOW

Lee Bridges

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A REVOLUTIONARY HYPOCRITE

He picked up the paper
and read of our nation,
and fretted over
the world situation.

As he ate he dreamed of
a land of good will,
and wished that his
dreams
all could come real.

He finished his breakfast
and dressed on the run,
and met a few friends
to go have some fun.

He went to a college,
and began to protest
the treatment of students
during campus unrest.

He soon started yelling,
and soon all their fun
was gone with a cop
who drew out his gun.

They called him a pig,
and stoned him half dead,
and left, for their hunger
for violence was fed.

After this he went home,
and watched some T. V.
Violence, hate, and bloodshed
was all he could see.

So he turned the thing off,
and wondered just why,
one man could possibly
want another to die.

Tom Rash



A BROKEN TOY

I am a broken toy,
All by myself.
I said to the children,
“Please don’t leave me on this shelf.”
Then all of a sudden a little boy
picked me up to see
He said, “You’ll be just right for
my Christmas tree!”
So away I go—a broken toy
Now I belong to a sweet little boy

Betty Luckadoo

PREJUDICE

"Don't play
with him!"

"Why mommy,
why?"

"Because he's
different."

"That's no reason."

We could take
a lesson
from our children.

Pud Parker

MOUNTAINS

High, steep
stand so still
fun all through the year.
Majestic places.

Wanda Bridges

THE HUNT

The hunters are out at night,
causing the coons to take a fright
They hear the dogs barking;
their voices changing tune.
The hunters are so happy,
because they treed a coon.
They are rushing through the bushes to give their dogs
a hand,
to see that little coon is put to an end.
They search the tree with lights and imitate a coon,
to awaken his curiosity and shoot him down with a
boom.
Below the dogs are ready to apply the final kill,
and after a few minutes the little coon is very, very still.
The hunt is over,
the hours have past,
and everybody feels they did their best.

Kent Lovelace

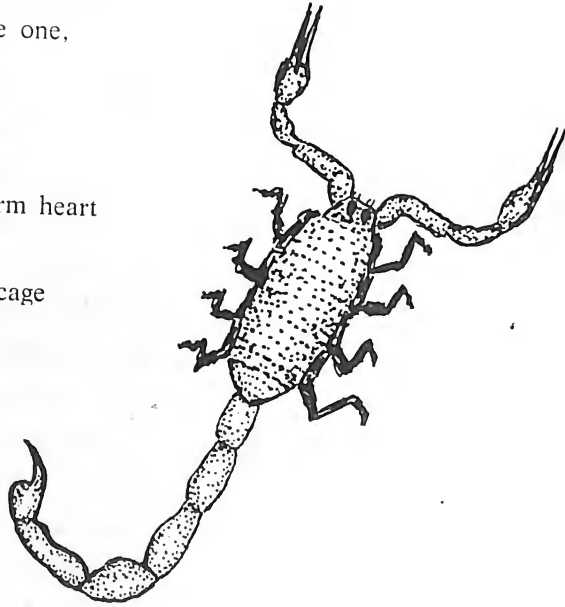
THE DEATH OF A FRIEND

I felt as if,
my world had fallen,
upon a piece of glass.
Been cut so deeply,
and poured of blood,
which held my deep emotions.
I tried to sooth,
but really angered,
the temper of my soul.
All those round me,
tried to help,
this I understood.
I opened my heart,
and prayed to God,
That life would return.
But knew it futile,
so I just left,
my world so empty.

Tom Rash

SCORPIO BROOD

The scorpion's babe which freely sucks
its mother's care, then eats her live flesh,
appetite minus mercy the sole response,
is kinder than you, oh, my little one,
my tiny get, cooing in your soft
infant knowledge of security,
seedbed of love,
because in the core of your warm heart
germinates the mustard seed
which one day will grow me a cage
and secure my aged bones
in dying isolation.
The scorpion parent dies quick,
my chick,
hating at last its cannibal foe.



John Foster West
(poet in Residence,
Appalachian State University)

Wandering through meadows of memories, time not demanding, no longer pressing her mind toward present realities, she walks. The wind tangles her hair about, playing tag with the burnt gold leaves; yet, she neither sees nor hears her companion's capers.

Her thoughts wandered back to the argument she and Doug had had—trying to find the reason for it. She had returned to this place hoping to find answers.

It had been a long time since she'd come here. It was a place not a home—a large white house with red clay dirt along the bottom that had been splattered by a thousand rain storms.

She stood in front of the open window gazing out across the yard. From the corner of her eye she caught a glimpse of the old swing-set. She remembered when her mother had bought it for her. It was on her fourth birthday. She saw the image of a chunky little girl with long hair the color of daffodils skampering around, calling to her brothers to see the new swing—"Pug Lug, come swing me." Yet, far more vivid in her mind were the memories of waiting.

* * * * *

It was a good place to be. She could sit in her swing and watch the road at the same time. She couldn't tell time yet or count numbers, but she could tell when he was coming. Child radar her mother called it.

* * * * *

An autumn breeze slapped her in the face, bringing her thoughts back into perspective. As she turned to leave the room, two portraits sitting on the dresser stared at her. A child ran over her as she looked at them, as though each were there looking back with cold, unnatural, unfeeling glares. Her father appeared to have been stuffed into the white shirt and thin tie. He'd always worn khakis and a work shirt.

And Doug—his face had the appearance of a clown—everything was painted on, his real face hidden behind the mask of humor.

* * * * *

"Here comes Daddy." She had run as swiftly as she could, bursting through all barriers of confusion and fear, jumping into the strength of his arms. He was warm and smelled of Old Spice and Camel cigarettes and the out of doors.

They'd go to the lake for a while to ride the horses or run the dogs or just to walk through the woods. He seemed to enjoy having to answer her limitless questions, or having to carry her back to the cabin because her legs were tired. She liked it too.

She ran to her swing as he left, climbing to the top quickly to watch as he drove off down the long dirt road. She'd sit there until there were no traces of dust from the car left to be seen. Then slowly she'd inch her way down to the swing, half hoping she'd see him coming back for her. "He'll come back tomorrow."

* * * * *

She left the room without picking up her coat. She walked out the front door closing it carefully, being sure not to wake her mother from her nap. She began to walk—paying little attention to the world about her. Cars whizzed by her, some blowing horns, some slowing down as they passed. Her mind was caught up in a whirlwind of blankness and confusion. Snatches of the argument began to evolve leaving questions to be answered.

She could hear the voices clearly. It was almost as though she were in a room with nothing but open memories. "Why is it Doug, that we can never really talk to each other?", she heard her own voice saying. "Is it so much to ask of you to break down or help me break down, the wall that so stubbornly stays between us?"

She shivered as she remembered the coolness of the wind that had been blowing about them that night. His gaze had been cool and steady. She was unable to read what was behind his eyes. They had been walking in the yard for some time—both unable to understand the mood of the other.—

"Don't you see that a marriage can't start out with this sort of an atmosphere?. If we can't talk to each other, to whom can we talk? What is it that's come between us."

Doug stopped walking and stood looking down at her. "Nothing has come between us. You're the one that refuses to talk about anything. So, until you talk, I don't plan to. That's simple enough isn't it?"

"For Christ's sake Darling, can't you see how silly that is? That has no logic, no reasoning to it. What has to be done to make you see things with two sides?"

"Get off your horse. There isn't anything wrong except in your own mind."

"Isn't there? Do you still think you can simply make up a joke and everything will be all right again? Is that all it takes to solve your problems?"

You say I don't talk to you—o.k., fine—what do you expect?—a daily chronology of events? What do you want? When I try to talk to you, to discuss problems with you, you begin to chatter about anything just to get me off the subject!"

"When was that? Give me an example."

"Take last night—I tried to get you to talk about how we're going to pay for the things we need. I asked you what you thought—quote

"I've got a bump on the back of my head." How does that answer my question? Or when I ask you questions about your childhood, you evade answering—Why?"

"Did you ever think you might get to know me too well?"

"At the rate we've been going, I'm not going to know you at all!"

"You know all you need to know", Doug had said, staring at her until she felt bolts of ice were darting through her. She stood looking back, confused. Hurt, lost. Her hand sliced through the chilled night air landing with a crack against his face. Her gaze was fixed upon her hand as though it were not a part of her body—it seemed to have a mind of its own.

Doug glared at her, his eyes filled with disbelief and near hate. His lips had drawn into a thin white-pink line of anger across his face, appearing to have been painted on with a thin brush. He said nothing more. Turning abruptly, he began to walk to his car taking wide, swift strides. She watched him from the swing as he left. He jerked the car door to and had backed out of the driveway quickly. She looked after his car through billows of gray-black dust.

* * * * *

A car horn blew, bringing her out of herself. She had wandered into the road. She jumped to the side of the road, barely dodging the front of the car. Looking about, as she tried to regain her balance, she realized she was near the lake. She quickened her pace to get there. She

wandered around until she found a place to sit. The spillway wasn't far away. She sat on a rock overlooking it and watched the water tumble over the rocks.

She had come here the day her father died—perhaps to escape the hollowness of the house and the people, or to go to the good memories,—she couldn't remember now.

Aloneness—the water rumbled out the sounds of it—You're alone. You're alone—echoed back from the rocks. She'd learned to accept it after her father left, but now. . .

She began to wade through the water content for the moment to splash it on the rocks and her legs.

Carolyn Santanella

GOD'S SWIMMER

What Is Man But A Swimmer In God's Sea
Of Life

The Further One Goes The Stronger The
Current Becomes

Many May Tread For A While Only To Go On Anew
It Seems Like An Endless Struggle But
The Reward That Awaits Us On The Other
Side Is Worth All The Pain And Suffering
All My Friends Swim Strong So We May
Be United Once More

Kemp Savage

It's not holding on that bothers me;
But holding on to an empty dream.
It's not waiting that matters,
But waiting for nothing.
Could I expect a victory,
Or see the chance of winning.
Or could I ever hope to over come,
The conflict would be but bitter sweetness,
The battle but a challenge,
All troubles, the doors to joys yet unknown.

David Ford

ENCOUNTER

They met when the moon was full, was exquisitely full,
their voices subdued, to match their hearts.
And they acted at what in words and final gestures
had yet to be conveyed .

There was no longer the blithe, eager touch of early
meetings,
Nor shimmering of expectations nor laughter
as golden as leaves from the tree under which they
had sat, into which they had kicked as they ran free:
Nor were there hands of silver touch and velvet sheen
beneath the moon which made the shine.

But only now the rust of use, and disuse, and misuse,
and abuse,
of shaded evenings, forced smiles, faked friendship,
the game played out.
Habitude replacing joy but still the practiced art
went on.

This night, though, they wedged the crevices.
Chasms, but annealing.
They kissed each other lightly on the cheek,
in their way loving each the other for common unity
and clay,
and said goodbye.

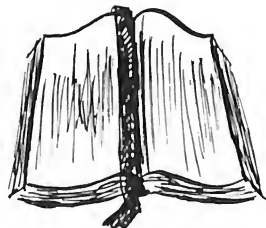
Then they walked away from each other.
Burials of man lay in between.
And there, where they had stood, the moon shone full,
exquisitely full,
where love lay emptied of its glow.

Betty Cox

OUR LEADERS IN THE PENTAGON

- O Leaders in the Pentagon,
Thou promised to save us from the Commies.
Now our brothers and our sisters are hungry.
Give them this day their daily bread.
- O Leaders in the Pentagon,
We looked to thee for hope in fearful times,
But we fear the gas thou shipped through our backyard.
Deliver us from evil.
- O Leaders in the Pentagon,
Thou art so mighty and hast so much.
Our offerings are 70 billion every year.
Heal our wounds, save our children.
- O Leaders in the Pentagon,
Thy missiles and thy gas, they terrify us.
The winds blow across Nevada and cancer grows anew.
Lead us not into the valley of death.
- O Leaders in the Pentagon,
Thy stone walls are so cold and unhearing.
Can it be thou dost not see.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.
- Thy Kingdom come: thy bombs, thy napalm, thy white phosphorous—
No!
Forgive us this day, for we must turn to Another.
Whose voice we forgot, quiet, still but firm.
Not by sword but by my Spirit.
- Our Father who is for the future.
Hear our cry, save the children's children
Unto the third generation from the wrath of mindless technology.
You are our true Lord.
- Our Father, who is in heaven.
Forgive us our debts and help us forgive
Men for not looking and thinking as we do.
For You see our ways.
- Our Father who is with us on earth.
Help us conserve and create chaos not.
Help us share and sin not.
For You are our ailing brother.

Amen!



Thomas J. Ballard

HE AND I AND THE PIGS

"Put these boots on an' see how they fit, boy." He took out the gleaming footwear with the new smell and dropped them on the kitchen floor while I was thinking of several reasons why I didn't need new boots.

Those boots that he won from Enloe because Enloe bet him his old sow would have piglets one color and he said another. So the pigs were born Will's way and the boots, unworn and store-fresh, lay there not at all like golf or tennis shoes, but like some gift litter of kittens you don't want but can't diplomatically refuse and even are attracted to because they haven't yet got old enough to make you lose interest.

Suspiciously then, not knowing what Will had in mind, I asked him what size they were and he said ten, and my foot went in without the shoe and fit too well to lie. And he sat there grinning in that toothless way of his, but hiding the gums that had for twenty years functioned as the sole and distinct commencement of countless gastronomical experiences. Then Will spoke again, louder than he needed to like one who has called too many pigs too many times, "We got to get them hogs up today." And I knew with relief that the boots weren't a gift I had to be embarrassed about taking, because he was lending them just to get my help.

So here it was Christmas eve morning, and I had to help chase down the swine. Only yesterday he had got me in the old Plymouth to go see about his lumber which hadn't been delivered, and we were inside Alabama before I realized he didn't know exactly where Belk was and was guiding that ship by no ever-fixed mark that I could discern in the gray southern heavens. I mentioned that he'd said it was only thirty

miles and we's been roaming over secondary roads for two hours—past shacks, solitary farms—away from any vestiges of civilization I knew of. But Will wouldn't look at a map or stop to ask; and it was just as well, I suppose, since I seriously doubted he would pay any mind. So on we went, me being a man about it, pretending it was adventurous to get lost out in this nefarious wilderness, imagining that such a primitive experience would enrich my soul. And the lone and level land stretched far away as I questioned the value of Christmas vacations spent suffering in a mindless contraption clattering forsakenly over desolate rural blacktops.

I stared at the boot as Will started complaining about the hogs. How they hadn't been any use to him because he couldn't get the parler built and had only a portion of it erected now. He, full of plans every Christmas, grandiose schemes to get set up so he could make one thousand dollars a month and have the hogs in that swine haven where there are the automatic feeders, the high-pressure hoses, the heat lamps over special compartments for sow and their litters, and I don't know what all. So he'd take me over to Enloe's to see what a real parler looked like, and I'd praise it as the epitome of splendor. Then he and Enloe would swagger up and down the concrete walk between the stalls and wander out to the drainage pond to analyze the state of hoghood, Will on his haunches, staring Narcissus-like into the murky, malodorous water.

The second boot slipped on and Will came out with a new pair of dungarees that also fit, and I pulled on my black golf sweater, found the toboggan Francine had given me two years before, and was ready. We clomped through the carpet. Will with the staggered walk that came from the tractor falling on his foot one week before my wedding. He, who let Julie pay for everything, ranting on even before the accident like he'd never be able to give her away, now with an excuse. But come that

Sunday he limped down the aisle in a slipper like a beagle let out of a bear trap. And me noticing his tie knotted below the collar button, and his suit, worn then and only then, hanging as from some temporarily emancipated scarecrow. Then later, in the reception hall, he got out of the line after five minutes, lighted up and blew smoke at the deities gracing our joyous celebration—just sitting there while the preacher choked on his honorary doctorate and hopelessly resigned himself to the defiling of the temple.

"Come on, boy." I stepped gingerly around the broken pop-bottle glass left by the hogs that slept there when it rained. Out past my Dodge, backed up to the carport, I surveyed the remainders of Francine's front yard. Like miniature craters on the moon, holes covered the landscape, even stretching into Francine's flower beds, the one mark of beauty before those pigs got out. I had told her to stop suffering silently, to threaten him, to say she'd shoot the next hog that wandered out that way. But she did nothing, just kept on working to bring the groceries in while he cast all his pearl before the swine.

Off two hundred yards sagged the remnants of their first house, a rotting reminder of what was. It had been simple but pleasant with the yard trimmed, the rose bushes spread around the sides, the paint white. But it was too small, and Francine finally got him to have the new brick built so Julie and Stanley could have a real home before growing up and leaving for good. And there were the dogs—rabbit dogs, squirrel dogs, just dogs—two dozen at one time, but kept up in the woods until Will and Stanley were ready to hunt. Dogs that always knew when it was time to chase, yelping and jumping like the stray that got caught in the electric fence one day.

Now, only the grunting coarseness of hogs. The dogs gone because he had no time to keep them, no time to hunt—even Old Bob gone, for fifty dollars. Only the pigs-pigs defecating, fornicating, desecrating, defiling the ground, contaminating all they touched with smells and unspeakable rudeness. Pigs rooting under the trees, around the house, in the yard, near the overturned garbage cans with their year's rust; pigs scratching themselves on the cars, swaggering under the clothesline, yielding only reluctantly for any two-legged beings bold enough to assert their dominion over the beasts.

And sometimes dead pigs. That time the sow died and he got me out there and piled on lumber and old tires and set the fire. The flames came and the burnt rubber mixed with the odor of hog flesh as he grinned of my revulsion. But I held in and we left the thing to its cremation, the end of rooting in Francine's flower beds and sloshing through Will's mudholes. And then, at supper, we had pork chops.

I followed him to the tractor at the gate, almost oblivious now to his filthy khakis, the two long-sleeved shirts, the top one unbuttoned, and the red hunting cap with the earflaps he never turned down. Wading through his Bull Durham smoke, I knew it would be useless to remind him that tomorrow was Christmas and that he didn't have Francine's present; for he knew it already and wouldn't do a thing about it until a grain of conscience trickled through the funnel of his hourglass mind.

Down the rutted road beyond the gate, past the twisted water pipes in the unmowed field to the right, a light headwind brought remainders of pigs three hundred yards away. Then at the gate itself, strapped between two posts with wire, Will grunted, "We can't get 'em all. Just

them out behind the electric fence," looking at a dozen small pigs not far from where we stood. And I, knowing nothing, said nothing, thought nothing, so heady this business of putting the pigs up. But I saw as he did that twelve hogs had to be caught, transported to a half-completed pig parlor, and deposited without undue damage.

And that would seem no problem for Will, nor would have been in years past when he cared for his equipment; but now the two trucks sat stagnant, unmoving and apparently unmovable, squatting on their airless tires, used now for whatever Will had to put down that would go no other place. And I knew he was puzzling about how to make order out of chaos.

So we built the pen first, in the corner formed by the gate and the connecting fence, and lured the hogs in with feed. And I, noticing several old oil drums off a ways, and Will, spying the half-corroded chassis of a wagon, hit upon a plan. We hooked the chassis to his tractor, got one of the drums, and sat about catching the imprisoned hogs.

Will's way was to sneak up from behind and grab at a tail, sometimes catching but more often missing and even when he succeeded the thing usually squirmed away, squealing in protest at the indignity as Will lunged, stumbled and invariably lost his cigarette under the flying legs. So he'd stop, light another, eye his brood stubbornly, and grab at another animal unwise enough to stick its ramp in his face. One by one we got them over the fence until there were four in the drum, now lashed to the chassis, and Will told me to drive while he held everything secure. I started the tractor, let out the clutch too fast, and Will nearly tumbled off, pigs and all, before I smoothed out and rumbled hog-houseward. I had to slow for the big mudhole, easing the tires in, then

cut right and up the hill to the parlor, the tractor groaning, straining to pull because I of infinite intelligence had left it in high to climb a muddy incline. And Will was yelling, swearing, hanging on to the drum precariously, uncertain whether to save himself or the pigs when I abruptly solved the dilemma by lurching to a standstill to change gears, and both Will and the hogs came rolling off into the mire, he landing first on the tin roofing not yet used and they cascading out, snorting and struggling frantically to regain lost liberty, leaving drum to spin maniacally and come to rest with the open end angled scornfully at Will like a rounded clown's mouth. Then the tractor gave one last gulp and quit for good.

Will got up sputtering, and there was nothing for me to do but get down and walk away. Because I knew he wouldn't do anything now. He'd light another cigarette and stand there thinking, not blaming me or even himself, because this was the way he did things, and whatever is right. No, Will won't do a thing about those pigs until the mood hits him again. And I'll come back next Christmas and the hogs will still be out, the holes will still scar Francine's yard, the smell will still be like a carefully cultivated case of bad breath. And he'll start in again about making money off those creatures, those white and black and multicolored plagues on mankind. So on I went, around the big mudhole, past the abandoned pickups, past the still-imprisoned pigs at the gate, back to the house.

Francine didn't have to ask any more than she had needed to numerous times before. Then there was supper, Will not even taking off his mud-caked clothes, and me knowing full well that before he'd think to revive it the tractor would sit there on the incline until after we went home and probably longer. And our eating interrupted by someone

at the door who said he'd seen a car down the bank by the big curve out front. And Will kept on eating after the man left, mumbling between mouthfuls about how it had happened before.

"I could get the car and pull him out," he reflected while gumming some ham.

And, supper over, he went not for his coat but to the couch, stretching out in front of the TV. But I couldn't forget the car and mentioned it again.

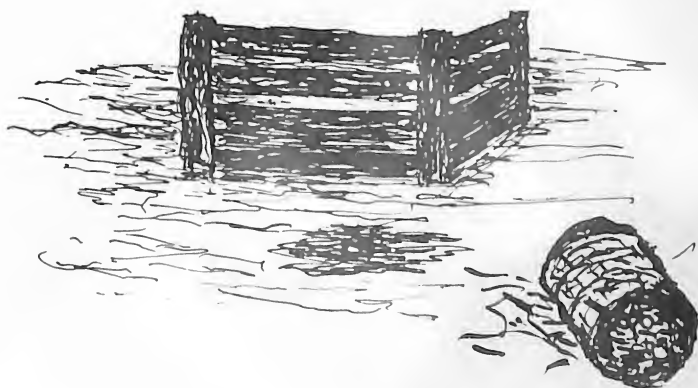
"I bet they's been three, fo' car a year gone down that bank," he observed. "Dunks, driving too fast, don't pay no attention to what they doin'. Don't never get hurt nohow."

Then turning over.

"Hadn't we better go see if he's all right?" I worried.

Silence. Then, "Naw, I don' wanna mess with it."

Jim Taylor



To express our thoughts in writing enables us to live forever.

Life is like a return trip from space—the best part is
when you get your feet on the ground.

If love makes the world go 'round, with all the animosity on earth, I'm
looking for the days to get longer.

Some writers are like blind conductors—they never know
when to stop and let you off.

Mike Harrelson

Green—
tipped with dead brown—
wind sifts together
sunshine and
green—

Dawn dew
prisms rainbows
from sunbeams
off the grassy
sea.
Early morning freedom
freedom—

Carolyn Santanella

LOVE

I am
a blueberry
toes first
expert nose
and a stem
to keep
the sun in
tuning in to bark
into pale green
and amber flakes
standing lonely
tonely invertebrate
with a long collection
of hailstorm reflect
because it's been
it's been a long time
that I held it
crying under weight
crying over weight
can't even contemplate
the way of relaxation
a form of retardation
but I will be here
and there and around
a round hourglass
to grow old
and unfold
my wonderful memories.

Ted Carnes

MY LAI 4

By the ditch stood Meadlo crying
at the scene beneath his eyes,
grey, old men with skinny stick legs
flung onto the growing pile
of scared and cowering human flesh.
Soft, curved bodies of young mothers
spread like shields on little children,
offering up their own warm flesh
to M-16's lean, hungry muzzles
whose bullet-teeth chewed off great chunks
of breast, and skull, and thigh.

By the ditch stood Meadlo crying
at the conflict in his soul--
repulsive horror at the thought
of his own bullets
smashing in the flesh below
wrestled with Pavlovian training
designed to sure manipulate
the brain to swift response
to orders without thinking.

By the ditch stood Meadlo crying
as his finger squeezed the trigger
against the sharp edge of his conscience,
birthing bullets without feeling,
that cared not for the flesh they shred.
Beyond the flaming muzzle
he saw a young child's head explode,
and Meadlo cried.

I. Max Linnens

SOLITUDE

i walk alone
through endless forests of time
no neon lights
or big cities
i am content
to pick a daisy
to pluck its petals
to caress the warm earth
nature belongs to my emotion
i enjoy a quiet moment
on a moss-covered rock
trees shelter me from hardship
pastures allow me to run freely
society has not corrupted my world
berries nourish my body's health
this environment nourishes my soul's health
no hustling or constant rush
money is not needed
yet riches are abundant
this is my world
a simple solitude.



Cassandra Thomas

Neither book nor marm impart with such charm
The lesson of life sans burdening strife
To all who desire someone to inspire
Their predestined creed, as does he—the steed.

Ecologists crave the mustang to save
Ere him we replace by the race to space.
Their intent is strong and by no means wrong,
Yet what of their love—it fits not the glove.

Others would be lost never to be tossed,
Topped to the ground. Convictions unfound,
'Til tried, are they true? As the grass turns blue
The answers appears; again the steed rears
As fanny hits dust. Volition—a must!—
Will guide the young lad for'ere to be glad
As life he embraced. obstacles he faced
Knocked him down about, ah! but never out!

Mature is the man who toward all life ran
And sprung on its back amending with tack
Problems confronting rather than hunting
A stroke of good luck or passing the buck.

Great men of this year, vouch for the steed here.
Tell us of his worth: of your fame, its birth:
Your love for mankind began just behind
The lessons he taught. Hail to him! we ought.

Mary Madeline Falls

Every moment has at least one memory

One space set aside from all others to explain the unending deeds of
the past.

These moments, now memories, take away with them a personality which
people need so desperately.

Stay awhile memory; don't go away.

For if you do, my walls around me will crumble.

Oh, Memory now that you're going to quest for a new moment, just stay
one second more.

Am I dreaming such thoughts which no man nor beast could compre-
hend?

Fade, go ahead, fade fond memory,

You may go now that my walls have crumbled.

But please stay, my memory so grand,

Stay till the falls and springs grieve for their time.

Bye fond memory, I know you can't stay with me this moment.

How can I make you stay with another moment about to grow in.

Now silence brings no memories for me only a new moment to engrave.

But, why fond memory why must you be so cruel.

Tom King

Winter-lake
hemmed by mist-
sleeping trees
nod to the
rhythm of
night winds

Currents of
time lie
beneath
stagnant waters-
covered by
dark

Carolyn Santanella

LOVE

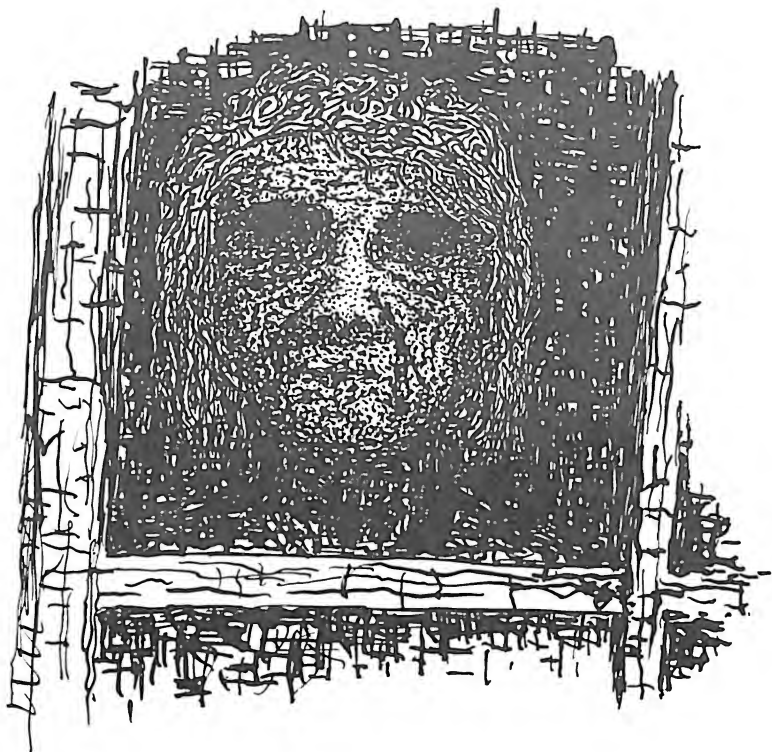
The Small People
Love Themselves

The Average People
Love One Another

The Big People
Love For Love's Sake

Oh, To Be Average

Kemp Savage



A withered hand strokes lily pads
And moistened daffodils,
Only to feel nothing . . .
One trying with the eyes to feel
And with the heart to touch.
The hands are dead to
What is living—
With futile efforts to recall
soft,
And warm,
And cool,
A tear
Becomes a river.

Carol Neese